Come ſhall we goe along ?

Enter Sir Richard Ratliffe, with the Lord Riuers Gray and Vaughan, priſoners

Rat. Come bring forth the priſoners.

Riu. Sir Richard *Ratliffe*, let me tell thee this:
To day thou ſhalt behold a ſubiect die,
For truth for duty and for loyalty.

Gray. God keepe the Prince from all the packe of you:
A knot you are of damned blood-ſuckers.

Riu. O *Pomfert, Pomfret.* O thou bloody priſon,
Fatall and ominous to noble Peares:
Within the guilty cloſure of thy walles
Richard the ſecond heere was hackt to death:
And for more ſlaunder to thy diſmall ſoule,
We giue thee vp our guiltleſſe blood to drinke.

Gray. Now *Margrets* curſe is falne vpon our heads,
For ſtanding by, when *Richard* ſtabd her ſonne.

Riu. Then curſt ſhe *Haſtings*, then curſt ſhe *Buckingham*,
Then curſt ſhe *Richard*, O remember God,
To heare her prayers for them as now for vs,
And for my ſiſter and her princely ſonne
Be ſatisfied deare God with our true bloods.
Which as thou knoweſt vniuſtly muſt be ſpilt.

Rat. Come, come, diſpatch, the limit of your liues is out,

Riu. Come *Gray*, come *Vaugham*, let vs all imbrace
And take our leaues vntill we meete in heauen. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Lords to counſell.

Haſt. My Lords at once, the cauſe why we are met,
Is to determine of the Coronation.
In Gods Name ſay when is this royall day?

Buc. Are all things fitting for that royall time?

Dar. It is, and yet in nomination.

Biſh. To morrow then, I geſſe a happy time.

Buc. Who knowes the Lord *Protectors* mind herein?
Who is moſt inward with the noble Duke? (his mind.

Biſh. Why you my L. me thinks you ſhould ſooneſt know

Buc. Who I my Lord? we know each others faces:
But for our hearts, he knowes no more of mine,
Then I of yours: nor I no more of his, then you of mine,

Lord

Lord *Haſtings*, you and he a

Haſt. I thanke his grace, I
But for his purpoſe in the Co
I haue not ſounded him , r
His graces pleaſure any way
But you my Lord may name
And in the Dukes behalfe Ile
Which I preſume he will tak

Biſh. Now in good time he

Enter

Glo. My noble Lord, and
I haue beene long a ſleepe ,
My abſence doth neglect no
Which by my preſence might

Buc. Had not you come
William L. Haſtings had no
I meane your voyce from Cr

Glo. Then my *L. Haſting*
His Lordſhip knowes me we

Haſt. I thanke your grace

Glo. My Lord of *Elie.*

Biſh. My Lord.

Glo. When I was laſt in
I ſaw good ſtrawberies in yo
I doe beſeech you ſend for ſ

Biſh. I goe my *Lord.*

Glo. Couſen *Buckinghan*
Catesby hath ſounded *Haſtin*
And finds the teſty Gentlema
As he will looſe his head ere
His maiſters ſonne as worſhi
Shall looſe the royalty of *En*

Buc. Withdraw you hence

Dar. We haue not yet ſet
To morrow in mine opinion
For I my ſelfe am not ſo well
As elſe I would be , were t

Enter the Bi

Biſh. Where is my *L. Protect*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22321) LONDON, 1634 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA 37